

## STOWE

Summer Billings of Dorchester, Mass., is a guest at the home of his uncle, H. W. Billings.

Miss Mary Bigelow of Danvers, Mass., is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Bigelow, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Pliny Vondle are the parents of a daughter, born June 29 at the home of Mrs. Vondle's mother, Mrs. G. W. Adams.

The Misses Annie and Susan Bigelow have been visiting Miss Caroline Swift, superintendent of the Barre City Hospital, the past week.

Mrs. Gracia Tomlinson has returned from Winoski, leaving her niece, Miss Martha Stone, doing well, after an operation at the Fanny Allen Hospital.

Rev. W. B. Dukeshire, district superintendent, conducted a quarterly conference at the Methodist Episcopal church last Saturday evening and a communion service Sunday morning.

Elroy S. Billings, who has spent June with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Billings, and other friends in Stowe, left Monday on his return to St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Billings and son will remain in Stowe some time longer.

Mrs. H. C. McMahon and Miss Ruth McMahon gave a tea to about 20 ladies Monday afternoon on the lawn at Miss McMahon's home. Among those present were Mrs. Harry Reynolds of Minneapolis, Minn., Miss Mable Shackleton of New Rochelle, N. Y., and Mrs. J. H. McQuade of Chicago.

## Raising State Pork

The State piggery on the Duxbury farm, owned by the State, continues to be a very interesting place, as well as a practical one in supplying the patients at Vermont State Hospital in Waterbury with food. At present there are 159 pigs from four to nine weeks of age and 143 hogs, making a total of 302, the largest number yet kept. These are White Chester, which are thought to mature more quickly and are nicely housed in this up-to-date building, which contains 24 pens, each 10 by 10 feet.

At this time of year the hogs are out in the pasture. Only a small amount of grain per head is fed these creatures, as they are raised largely from the refuse from the institution. This is cooked or heated in a cookroom 24 feet square. In this way the pork is produced with very little expense. One hundred and forty have been butchered within a year, there being now an average of three a week.

The piggery is nicely kept, a large amount of water being used in washing the same and all pains possible is taken by Walter Irish, under direction of the State farmer, who cares for them, that everything may be done to keep the creatures well. The loss in numbers is very small compared with the numbers kept.

The slaughterhouse is near the piggery, all butchery being done by Mr. Irish. Fifty head of beef have also been slaughtered here the past year for use in the institution. These were not all raised, however, on the farms. At present the State owns here 190 head of cattle, half of these being young cattle.

The problem of supplying meat for the people in this institution seems nicely managed. With this number of cattle and 302 swine, there does not seem to be any danger of a meat famine.

**WHAT THE AUTO COSTS VERMONT:**—In this poverty-stricken state of Vermont there are 10,000 automobiles and motor vehicles, or one to every thirty-eight persons about. At a fair estimate of their purchase price, this represents an expenditure of about \$5,000,000, nearly all of which has been made within the past eight years. It is too bad that the bulk of this sum has had to go outside the state. The whole country pays heavy tribute now-days to a motor vehicle industry, most of which is centered in one state and even in one city. Of course John D. gets his little toll for "gas" and "grease," too, amounting to nobody knows how many millions dollars every year.—Randolph Herald and News

There is nothing in the wide world that stands so unconsciously and indifferently to the impression it is making as the hog.

Killing time has no closed season.

## DOUBLY PROVEN

Morrisville Readers Can No Longer Doubt The Evidence.

This Morrisville citizen testified long ago.

Told of quick relief—of undoubted benefit.

The facts are now confirmed.

Such testimony is complete—the evidence conclusive.

It forms convincing proof of merit.

C. H. Small, carriage painter, Randolph St., Morrisville, says: "For a long time I suffered from attacks of backache and soreness across my loins. I felt dull and languid and had other symptoms of kidney trouble. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Cheney's Drug Store and before long, I found that they were helping me. I continued taking this medicine and it made a decided improvement." OVER TWO YEARS LATER, Mr. Small said: "I use Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally when in need of a kidney medicine and they act just as represented."

Price 50 cents at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Small has twice publicly recommended. Foster-Milburn Co., Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

Adv.

## THE TARIFF PROBLEM

It Promises to Be the Keynote of Next National Campaign.

Simmons-Underwood Law Will Be Held Responsible for Lack of Employment for Thousands of Workingmen.

Speaking for the Pacific Northwest, the Spokane Spokesman-Review inveighs against the new fiscal policy of the United States for which the existing federal administration is responsible. It sums up the situation at the present moment as follows:

Passage of the Simmons-Underwood tariff bill by the Democratic party carried the United States a long way toward the ultimate Democratic goal of free trade. That fact stands out in strong relief in a recent department of commerce review of the country's foreign trade. Prior to the enactment of the new law imports were almost evenly divided between the dutiable list and the free list. For example, of the total imports in 1910, \$755,811,396 were free of duty, and \$801,636,034 were dutiable in 1911, \$776,972,509 and \$750,253,596 respectively. But in 1914, first full calendar year under the new tariff law, imports dutiable totaled \$1,127,502,699, as against \$691,388,289 dutiable. In February, this year, duty free imports were nearly twice as much as dutiable imports—in round numbers \$80,000,000 and \$45,000,000 respectively.

It asserts that on this record the presidential campaign of 1916 will be vigorously contested between the free traders and the advocates of protection, and that "the issue will be especially keen in the states of the Pacific Northwest, where the free trade theories of the Democracy are given their most sweeping application." But if disgruntlement with Democratic free trade notions is active now, it will be much more active under conditions that are sure to arise after the war. Then there will be a sharper struggle than ever by Europeans for advantage in American markets, and the difference between the high wages current here and the low wages generally current in Europe will tend to put American manufacturers out of business and throw American workmen out of employment unless there is a speedy restoration of the protective principle in American tariff laws.

## MR. CLARK'S GRACEFUL ACT

Leaves to Wilson the Task of Leading Forlorn Hope in 1916.

Speaker Clark has declared himself for Wilson for the presidential nomination in 1916. We felt sure Mr. Clark would get even.—Vausau Record-Herald.

That's it. Mr. Clark's ardent, precipitate and self-effacing endorsement of Woodrow for leader in 1916 is the most ominous thing yet for that gentleman. Even that incurable optimist, Mr. Bryan, would hardly apply for the job.

And we should not be at all surprised to find Mr. Wilson himself suddenly developing a strong sense of the binding force of that single term plank in the Baltimore platform. Why, it is a perfect godsend for him.

## Competent Hands Required.

The greatest political upheaval of an off year has been accomplished in Ohio, where the tax officials of 88 counties, all Democrats, were relieved of their duties and an equal number of Republicans substituted. The extravagance of preceding Democratic administrations renders necessary a more thorough and equitable system of taxation. To insure success the work of reform had to be placed in more competent hands.—Omaha Bee.

## Ex-President Taft Is Right.

Former President Taft declares that existing arbitration treaties between the United States and other nations provide for the settlement of all questions except those which are likely to lead to war, and are therefore of little practical use except as expressions of good will. What a wide difference of opinion between the former president and the present secretary of state, who seems confident that war can be abolished by treaty.

## Another Democratic Failure.

The Brooklyn Eagle calls attention to the fact that prior to the passage of the seamen's bill additions to American registry came at the rate of eight or ten a month, and that since that enactment they have ceased, with no prospect of resumption. The Wilson administration has swung away the chance that was offered by the European war for the restoration of the American flag to the seas.

## Once Is Enough.

The Democratic observers are right in their vision of the return of prosperity. Good times are coming back despite tariff-tinkering, income-taxing, business-throttling policies; for great are the resources of the American people. The experience undergone, however, is not one they will care to risk again.

"Democratic Editors Plan Summer Outing," according to a headline. And the Republican editors are looking forward confidently to an inning.

## HAD QUACKS AS FOUNDATION

German Science, So Famous Today, Is Credited With Exceedingly Modest Beginning.

German medical science is world-famed and has proved a godsend to mankind. Yet the science may be said to have been founded by the quacks of former centuries, for, while quackery has always flourished in all countries, Germany was long the leader in turning out practitioners of this dubious profession. They were often men of imagination akin to genius, and they traveled all over Europe. A majority of the celebrated quacks of England were Germans, and their methods of advertising their "cures" were very similar to those of the "Indian medicine men" who still flourish in the rural districts of America.

"Having studied over Galem, Hypocrates, Albumazer and Paracelsus, I am now become the Esculapius of the age," modestly announced one medieval quack, according to an early play, "having been educated at twelve kingdoms and been counselor to the counselors of several monarchs. By the earnest prayers of several lords, earls, dukes and honorable personages I have been at last prevailed upon to oblige the world with this notice: That all persons, young and old, blind or lame, deaf or dumb, curable or incurable, may know where to repair for cure in all cephalalgias, paralytic palsy, palpitations of the pericardium, emphysema, syncope and nasities, arising either from a plethora or a cachectic, verygious vapors, hydrocephalus, exacerbaton, odontalgia or podalgia, inflammations, and the entire legion of tethnerous distempers.

"This is nature's palladium, health's magazine, and it works seven manner of ways, as nature requires, for it seems to be confined to any particular mode of operation."

Yet from those quacks arose the mighty army of German scientists whose researches have been the marvel and the benefaction of the whole world.

## Coalition Ministries.

Since the formation in 1852 of the famous coalition cabinet which went to pieces during the Crimean war, but served its purpose admirably for two years, there has been no such radical change in a British ministry as that of recent date. That ministry was created, like the new one, without the formality of a general election, and it included, with the exception of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, every man of genuine ability as a leader in both the great parties. Palmerston's war cabinet, which succeeded it, in the excitement caused by Roebuck's charges of army mismanagement, was wholly tory. The coalition, in later years, of the liberal unionists with the conservatives was not of so great political significance. The so-called liberal unionists who left the party of Mr. Gladstone and the Duke of Devonshire because of their opposition to Irish home rule have never since had a separate political existence. The cabinet of the Marquis of Salisbury, to which they belonged, survived all the political opposition engendered by the mistakes of the Boer war.

## Would Take Time.

A minister was called to the bedside of a very sick man in order to give him consolation. The lawyer was also in the room, having just finished making out the will.

The minister, who had not great respect for the sick man on account of his mean ways, nevertheless did his duty, and asked him what it was he desired.

"Well," he replied, "I have a great many debts—I owe many people sums of money to which they are perhaps entitled, and so that I can leave the earth with a clear conscience I would pray that my life could be spared until I have paid the uttermost farthing of my indebtedness."

"A very proper wish," said the minister.

"Certainly," said the lawyer from the other side of the bed, "for if it were granted he would have life everlasting."

## Harvard Men Wear Bangs.

Harvard has several undergraduates who have taken up the fad of having bangs drooping over their foreheads.

The Cambridge students have witnessed the rise and decline of the mustache, the annihilation of the pineapple clip and the complete routing of the pompadour, but now, on the eve of commencement, along comes a small group of students with bangs.

There is no regulation in the Harvard book of laws forbidding bangs, and those who don't like the new styles are at a loss what to do.—Cambridge Dispatch to New York World.

## Officer Was Shrewd.

The officers in a certain British regiment have to go through the day's training under exactly the same conditions as the men, and carry the same sized pack. One of the officers for a long time amazed his colleagues by showing extraordinary agility and energy in spite of this fact, until a few days ago his secret was divulged. He had been filling his pack mostly with an air-cushion!

## Hay Versus Blubber.

"Seems to be a pretty smooth salesman you have there," remarked the visitor.

"Indeed he is," said the proud merchant. "I believe if it were put squarely up to him he could sell breakfast food to Eskimos."

## The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNAER

Originator of "Their Married Life" Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

Helen Is Fascinated and Warren Bored by a Trip to the London Rag Market

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I'm a chump to let you drag me away out here," grumbled Warren, as they went up the straggling street.

"Too late to see anything anyhow."

"Oh, we can see a lot before dark," enthused Helen.

"And we may never have another chance."

"We'll, there's nothing that looks like a market around here. That boob said straight on to the top—wherever that is."

"Dear, that must be it," pointing to an old iron gate-way that showed just ahead.

Ever since Mrs. Hodgson had told them the wonder of the Caledonian rag market, Helen had been determined to come. She had finally persuaded Warren to meet her early and go with her this afternoon.

The underground had brought them out in twenty minutes, and they planned to see the market and get back to London in time for dinner.

They had reached the end of the street now, and Helen caught her breath at the scene before them. In a great fenced-in space was a mass of stalls, horses, wagons and a motley swarm of people.

The rag market! The Caledonian rag market! To Helen, who revealed in rummaging through old things, the very name was enticing. The dusty windows of every antique or even second-hand shop held for her alluring possibilities. And now to explore this famous old rag market!

"Huh, this is a rum place," sniffed Warren. "Where'd they get all this junk?"

"Listen dear," shaking his arm excitedly. "Let's start here, and go up one lane and down the other—so we won't miss a thing."

There were no regular stalls. Everything was spread out on the ground on old pieces of carpet or sheeting, and back of each lot was a ramshackle cart and the patient donkey or horse that had drawn it.

"Yer own price, lady," urged the man as Helen paused before an amazing mass of odds and ends—everything from old jewelry to old shoes.

"Business brisk in glass eyes today?" Warren poked his cane at a box of artificial eyes. "You've got a full line there—assorted colors."

"Yes, sir," grinned the man, "take yer choice—tuppence each."

By the next lot sat an old woman as weird as her stock. There were a tin foot-tub, a globe for goldfish, a clothes wringer, a bronze Atlas shouldering a clock, a plush album, and irons, old lace, a bedraggled feather boa, a rusty rat trap, and odd pieces of old pewter, china and brass.

"Dear, did you ever play that game where they carried around a lot of things on a tray, and you wrote them down from memory?"

"Be a tough job remembering these," chuckled Warren. "Where in blazes does all this junk come from—that's what gets me."

"Oh, London's so wonderful—it's full of old things. And this rag market is only on Fridays."

"The week's collection, eh? Ah, here we are!" Warren swung his cane over a basket of false teeth.

"May need 'em some day. How about laying in a supply?"

"Oh, how awful! Do people really—"

"Sell me a good upper set cheap today?" asked Warren.

But the man, resenting this facetiousness, glared at him angrily.

"Dear, don't make fun, and don't poke at things with your cane," whispered Helen. "Some of them don't like it."

"Who cares?" shrugged Warren.

"You just pounce on the freakish things. There's lots of interesting things here—I know there are. Dear, you go along that side while I stay on this. Mrs. Hodgson said we shouldn't be together anyway—they'll think we're American tourists and put up the prices."

"All right, suit yourself. Only I'm not going to hang around a woman long."

At a stall just beyond a woman was haggling over the price of an old blue meat platter. Helen, interested, drew nearer.

"I'll give you one and six."

"Two bob, m'm, not a penny less." The woman shook her head, laid down the platter and started off.

"Take it along for one and a tanner," he called after her. "My two sons is in the war, lady. Let a poor man make enough to feed their kids."

The woman stolidly put the platter in her huge shopping bag, and Helen followed her, keenly observant. She watched her buy a lace scarf, a decanter and a candlestick, paying not more than half the prices asked.

This was illuminating, for it was evidently the approved method of rag-market shopping. Helen determined to try it.

"How much?" when farther on she saw an old ruby-glass scent bottle.

"Half crown, lady, that's just givin' it away. Nice little bit, eh?"

"I'll take it for two shillings," ventured Helen.

"It's yours, m'm. Anything else? Got 'em all down to war prices."

"I may come back this way later," murmured Helen, wondering if she had offered too much. She might have gotten it for one and six.

"Hello, dug up anything?" She started to find Warren beside her.

"Oh, what have you got?" looking at a bulging bundle under his arm.

"Never you mind. Doing a little looting on my own."

"Dear, you know you mustn't pay what they ask first, don't you?" anxiously. "They all ask more than they expect to get."

"See here," testily. "who's doing this? You go ahead and buy your own junk. If I see anything I want—I'll get it."

Helen turned away vaguely troubled. He might buy something foolish and pay an absurd price. Perhaps they should have stayed together.

The next moment she was absorbed in a particularly alluring lot from which she finally selected an ivory fan, broken but not past mending, a cameo pin and a curious jade locket. After some bargaining she got the three pieces for only seven shillings.

It was dusk now, and oil lights flickered over many of the stalls. It was a weird scene—this great dark market space, lit only by those flaring lamps. Some of the men were now packing up, but many were still shouting their wares, eager for a few last shillings.

At a stand farther on Helen found an old sampler. It was dated 1768, with a quaint house-and-tree design. Did this man know its value. Her heart beat fast at the possibility of getting it for a few shillings.

"Twenty-five shillings," he answered gruffly, as he went on packing. "Yer'd pay three guineas at one o' yer Bond Street shops."

So he did know. Helen's hopes fell.

"Oh, I couldn't pay more than twelve," she murmured.

"Five-and-twenty's the price, m'm. Take it or leave it."

Helen flushed indignantly, yet she wanted the sampler. She passed on slowly, hoping he would call after her.

Where was Warren? She turned suddenly to look along the opposite line of stalls. It was quite dark now. What if they should get separated? Her eyes strained anxiously through that shabby, jostling crowd.

A long panic-stricken moment. Then she saw him—a few stalls back.

"Oh!" running to him with joyous relief. "I thought I'd missed you."

"Had enough? Let's get out of this. Which gate did we come in?"

Outside, Helen looked back over the dimly-lit market. They had been through only a small part of it, and she thought longingly of the undiscovered treasures in all those other stalls.

They made their way back through the dark, squalid street to the underground. When they entered the train Helen glanced anxiously at Warren's bulky package. What had he bought? Remembering certain purchases he had made in the past, she mistrusted his judgment.

"Want to see it now, eh? All right, we'll give you a treat."

He took off the crumpled newspaper and proudly displayed a garish shell box with a mirror on top! Helen gulped. It was awful!

"Pretty good haul, eh?" fitting a loose shell in its red paste bed. "Old one too. How about that for ten shillings?"

Ten shillings! If he could throw away ten shillings on this ghastly thing—why hadn't she bought that sampler?

"What's the matter," sharply. "Don't like it?"

"Oh, yes—yes," hastily. "I was only thinking of an old sampler that I'm sorry I didn't get."

With well feigned carelessness, Warren felt in his pocket.

"That it?" tossing a small package into her lap.

Helen tore it open, and with a cry of delight held up the sampler.

"Oh, you dear, you dear! But how did you know?"

"Was right there behind you."

In her joy over the sampler, the awful box was forgotten.

"Now how about this?" Warren took it up again. "Think it bum, eh? Well, if it'll make you feel any better—I only paid a 'bob.' Thought it would be worth that," with a chuckle, "to see you glare at it."

"Oh!" with mingled relief and resentment. "You spent a shilling just to—to—"

"To get you going. Had to have some fun out of this blooming trip, didn't I? Come on, we get off here," as they drew into Charing Cross.



## Eagle "Mikado"

Pencil No. 174

Packed One Dozen in an attractive pull-off Box and Half Gross in a Carton.

For Sale at your Dealer 5c each or 50c per Dozen

Hexagon Shape, Highly Polished in Yellow Finish, with Gilt Tip and Red Ring, fitted with best Red Erasive Rubber.

The Mikado is a Superior Quality of Pencil and contains the very finest specially prepared lead, which is exceedingly smooth and durable.

Conceded to be the finest Pencil Made for General use.

Eagle Pencil Company

Broadway New York.

## Thrice-a-Week Edition

OF THE

NEW YORK WORLD

Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly. No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

The year 1914 has been the most extraordinary in the history of modern times. It has witnessed the outbreak of the great European war, a struggle so titanic that it makes all others look small.

You live in momentous times and you should not miss any of the tremendous events that are occurring. No other newspaper will inform you with the promptness and cheapness of the Thrice-a-week edition of the New York World. Moreover, a year's subscription to it will take you far into our next Presidential campaign.

THE THIRCE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 136 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and NEWS AND CITIZEN together for one year for \$2.00.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.25.

## SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists, 50c. large box, or by mail, The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

How's Business?

THIS ad. is directed at the man who has all the business in his line in this community.

Q Mr. Merchant—You say you've got it all. You're selling them all they'll buy, anyhow. But at the same time you would like more business.

Q Make this community buy more.

Q Advertise strongly, consistently, judiciously.

Q Suppose you can buy a lot of washtubs cheap; advertise a big washtub sale in this paper. Put in an inviting picture of a washtub where people can see it the minute they look at your ad. Talk strong on washtubs. And you'll find every woman in this vicinity who has been